

like a dog on the farm, and the neighbors were jeering at "Ugly Liz."

But the Prince Charming did come at last. He was Joe Lang, now the Ugly Duckling's husband.

"I used to be the most miserable girl in the world," said Mrs. Lang, as she sat weeping in court today.

"I used to be so lonely—no one can know how lonely a girl who is ugly, who is laughed at for her ugliness, becomes.

"I know my own father hated me for my ugliness. I knew that was why he made me work, work, work. He told me thousands of times that no one ever wanted to see my ugly face.

"And at nights I would go to bed all tired out and cry because God had made me so different from other girls, who had beaux and friends, and were happy.

"I had nobody—not even my mother. My mother left father when I was only a baby, you know. I think that is another reason he hates me.

"I hoped and I hoped that some day a man would come along who did not want a pretty wife, and that he would fall in love with me.

"I did so want a man to love me, and I knew that I would love him in return as never a man was loved before.

"All I would ask was that he wouldn't look at me with the expression of disgust I saw on the faces of the boys I knew every time we met.

"I was beginning to believe that there never was going to be a man, that I never was going to know what love was, when Joe Lang came along.

"The first time I met him I felt myself melt, and I knew that at last I was to know love.

"There was no disgust in his eyes when he looked at me that first time. There never has been since.

"Joe began calling on me every night. He never noticed my homeliness. He never paid any attention to the stories people told about me. He was so nice and kind. He was the only person in the world who ever told me I was pretty enough for him.

"Father tried to separate Joe and me. He told him to quit calling. I suppose he hated to lose his drudge.

"But Joe and I met anyhow, and I defied my father. Why shouldn't I have? What had he ever done for me?

"Joe proposed to me. I accepted. I told father about it. Father went to Joe and told him stories about me. Joe told him he would have thrashed him for doing so if he had not been my father.

"So, on December 2, we were married. It was just five weeks after I first met Joe, and I worked all that day making the wedding supper.

"The next morning Joe kissed me good-bye and went to work, and I sat there at home thinking how wonderful it was to have a man love me.

"Then the trouble came. Car-